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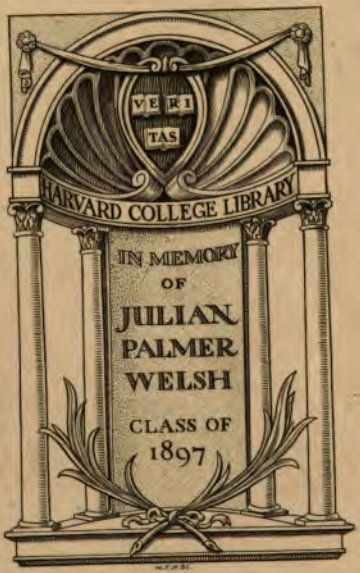
VERSES. MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. J. A. RICHEY.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VERSES:

DEVOTIONAL & MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

REV. J. A. RICHEY.

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PREFACE.

Of making many books there is no end.—Eccl. xii, 12.

WHY have I written rhymes? and published why?
Perchance the reader knows as well as I.
Was it for fame? to clear the common rut?
It might have been—before these teeth were cut.
But since? Well—I have *written* (much as flows
The water and as melt the April snows;
As ever sunward earth's thin vapors rise;
As lovers plead their love to pleasant eyes;
As trespassers, untaught, will practice stealth,
As misers, uninstructed, hoard their wealth;
As babbling brooklets never can keep still)
Because I had to write—and did—and will.
And *published why?* I'm frank—Because I thought
That you would read my rhymes, or that you ought.
This "Canada of ours" as yet is young—
You know her golden beads have not been strung;
These coral ones (if I am not too bold)
Though dull and fragile, may be true as gold:
The mother such a trinket might despise
As still should not offend the daughter's eyes.
A maiden much too hard to please in love,
Her father bade her traverse well the grove,
And bring of all the reeds the straightest one,
But such once passed to leave—she brought him none:
Such course our critics too severe may rue,
When *we* discouraged *they* have nought to do.

But O my reader! come with me apart,
And hear me guileless open *you* my heart—
I have a Mother who is kind and good,
But rather stints me of my needful food;
Most of her children work and fare abroad,
And some she keeps at home to till the sod;
Me she adopted, bade attend her will,
But neither purse nor stomach would she fill;
Forbids me any work not hers to do,
Yet quite implies she will not pull me through:
I may not rove for work, am half ashamed
To beg, and with a thirst for gold inflamed;
I thirst for gold to pay my honest dues,
And bring my patient household bread and shoes;
In catalogues that tempt too well the eye
Some books I've marked, and thirst for gold to buy;
My heart must suffer—suffers—for the poor,
Would that I had a purse could suffer more!
To meet the case these titled pages shine
Half in my Mother's service—half in mine.

Half in my Mother's service? To reprove,
In dulcet tones of grieved fraternal love,
Such weak presumption, lo! a voice assays,
And me to judge myself more humbly prays;
Assures me that my Mother writhes with pain
To think that *I* have touched her harp again,
The harp she hung secure in halls of King's,
That *I (adopted child)* should strike its strings!
Alack! this harp is one my FATHER lent,
'Tis not my Mother's college-instrument:
Or else—in boyhood, guest within her hall—
Clandestinely I slipped it from the wall.

"Enough!" I hear my Mother's haters say,

"The rogue would work for her and take our pay,
E'en, for his thin-spread gilt, our solid sheen,
Flaunting his red and blue to find us green."
But unabashed to this I make reply—
Must Wesley, Chalmers, from *my* book-shelves hie?
Oh spare me Saurin! and my Monod spare!
(The rhyming set, I own, are seldom there,
They 'bout my *toilette*, pillow, stay secure,
From romping Burns to Wordsworth the demure.)
Let speak who will, and speak him back as true,
Then each to each "I love you"—"and I you";
The authors never quarrel on the shelves,
The readers make the muss among themselves:
My kid beside your lion nestles down—
He don't roar, *she* don't tremble, don't *you* frown.

But no: "Too churchy far for mine to read,"
Objects the non-believer in a creed;
And—while I turn his courtesy to thank—
"Heretical" I get me i' the flank:
In sober truth, I'm half inclined to think—
It's serious to play with pen and ink.

'These mercenary rhymes," it may be said,
"Are got up to be purchased, but not read."
But no: say—Being written, they aspired
E'en to be bought, perused, and perhaps admired;
Some kindred spirits somewhere hoped to find,
And in the book-police but guardians kind.
They seek not Byron's, Moore's or Shelly's fame,
Still less would wrong—to me, a dearer name.
If here constrained by measure or by rhyme,
Some ritual act eludes rubricians time,
Or some minutia be not quite correct,
I would not forfeit, therefore, all respect,

Nor have my critic, in his desperation,
Commiserate for this the church or nation ;
Lest trifling errors caught at should reveal
The critics spleen and p'haps the printer's de'il,
And wags might hint the former was all eyes
For what he knew that he could criticise :
Yet must this Muse maintain that she is free
To spell her pacha either s, or c.
Ah me ! the lines of early days are here,
The summer vintage, the autumnal cheer,
And trickling through the leaves perchance a tear ;
The labored stanza and the simpler verse ;
Too late to mend and only might be worse.
Not much they make ; because not work but play,
The recreations of a working day :
Give time and tools, and trust me for the skill
To put some cantos through the rhyming mill.
Here solemn themes assumed too light a strain,
Alas ! and waited not to try again.
The mind o'erflurried executes a flaw,
Next ridicules the violated law,
Arraigns the taste that would such flaw descry,
Then hurries more—to pass the eyesore by.
Not so were poems, epics, dramas writ,
But interlineations sharpened wit ;
The printer by erasures guessed how hard
The work—yet he alone condemned the bard.
But sheets like these complacently *he* views,
Or if he worries—'tis anent his dues :
The VERSES through his press spontaneous flow,
And spread from thence where'er induced to go.

Rectory, Seaforth, N.S., 15th May, 1882.

On the Divine Service.

DAY BY DAY.

For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place, incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a Pure Offering; for My Name shall be great among the heathen, saith the LORD *of Hosts.*—Malachi I. ii.

AS earth revolving greets the sun
With early warblings which o'errun
Her circle daily and ascend
Incessantly, world without end,
So doth the Church—to GOD—upraise
A ceaseless round of prayer and praise,
Warms—in His Light—to new desire,
And alway is baptized with fire
And with the Spirit. Temple gates
Are somewhere open. Somewhere waits
CHRIST'S Minister, and somewhere calls
Aloud the matin bell, till falls
Persuasive on the spellbound ear

A sacred strain to angels dear.
CHRIST is forever—ever sings
The Church His laud. The hour that brings
Us sleep, awakes from sober lair
Part of the Church to offer prayer;
When that o'er-wearied seeks repose,
We rise refreshed; devotion glows
On lips late slumber-sealed: and never
Will Zion cease her song to raise,
But sing it ever and forever,
Girdling the world with prayer and praise.
CHRIST is her SUN. His glory fills
Her valleys, and adorns her hills,
Makes glad her children seeking light,
And warns the slumbrous, when their night
Is o'er, to rise, nor make delay,
But gird themselves to greet the Day.
The Church no other orbit knows—
Circling her CHRIST she ever goes
Round from the Manger to the Cross;
E'en by the Wilderness, where moss,
Unsightly shrub and clumsy stone
Compass the tempted Pilgrim lone;
And by the haunts He frequented,

Where sickness was, or life had sped;
And by the Garden, solemn, still,
Where sweat of blood, and deathly chill,
Each other chased adown His cheek
Who "Not my will, but Thine" would speak:
Moves in her orbit until—clear
From fleshly pang and ghostly fear;
From faintings pitiful to see,
From bleeding Brow and Blood-stained tree—
She comes where rests on stone His Head
Who rested not till with the dead;
And brightens to behold Him stir,
And rend the rock bound Sepulchre,
Her little hills on every side
Basking in bliss of Eastertide!
CHRIST to the Church is ALL in all,
On her His beams benignant fall,
Melting the ice, breaking the gloom,
Gilding with gladness Font and tomb.
And if Ascension Glory spreads
A cloud beneath the light it sheds—
O'er-dazzling light—to eyes untrained
Revealing naught ere it hath pained—
Full soon the Spirit's gift of power

Descends in pentecostal shower;
The heads that drooped are raised again,
The doubtful way now waxes plain,
No longer fainting spirits call
"Come back to me, my LORD! my All!"
But gaze into eternity,
Blessing the HOLY TRINITY,
And would depart—with CHRIST to be

Oh! not in vain the holy hours
And seasons all are His, not ours:
'Tis that His Life sublime—before
Believing eyes lived o'er and o'er,
As day by day and year by year
Devotion sees it mirrored near
Upon appointed page—may preach
More potently than words else teach
His gentle Precepts, and procure
Our hearts' acceptance. We were sure
He died for us. And yet we know
He deigns the wondrous truth to show—
Not graven on historic lore
Alone, but—full displayed before
Heaven and Earth, whene'er that Bread

Is broken, and that Wine is shed
On Christian Altar. We—baptized
With water—have we too despised
Suggestive form and sacred rite,
And deemed faith's symbols pagan quite
And anti-Christian? Bless the LORD!
May He be by my soul adored
For every sacramental thing!
And for the holy days that bring
Me needful memories of how
He triumphed where I struggle now!

Nor shall we lose the saintly life
Of old cast on this world of strife,
As bread upon the water; found
With gladness when the days came round
Of harvesting. What precious seed
The Church hath sown, that she might feed
The present with the past! Nor blame
We her that she hath reaped the same
In roll of martyrs, and in fame
Of virgins, and hath loved to name
On tablets of devotion—those
On whose obedient faith she rose,

And riseth yet, and still shall rise,
While GOD by fools confounds the wise.
And there is *One* whose cherished name
Like oil assists devotion's flame;
Her soul doth magnify the LORD,
And with her hymn is He adored:
Not hers the need, but ours the gain,
That we repeat her treasured strain,
And sing, at close of well-spent day,
Such worthy praise, so sweet a lay.

EASTER BELLS.

He taketh up the simple out of the dust: and lifteth the poor out of the mire.—Psalm cxiii: 6.

RING! ring the bells for Easter morn!
The gayest morn in all the year!
The LORD of Life, from death new-born,
Hath changed our Lent to Easter cheer:
After the fire, the gold is fine;
After the storm the sun doth shine;

After the carnage-wail is past,
The triumph-song for aye may last;
Weariness still precedes renown,
Calvary's Cross Life's fadeless Crown.

Ring from the grand Cathedral tower,
Whence want mayhap hath looked on power;
Ring from beneath the village spire,
Its gilding tipped as if by fire;
Ring from the rural belfry too,
And forest arch resounding through;
O'er city, hamlet, field and bay,
Ring! ring for joy of Easter Day!
— Our SURETY is accepted now,
Not thorns, a halo decks His Brow;
He dwelt with Death, but did not stay,
He rolled the massive stone away;
Angelic watchers waiting near,
Proclaim the truth: "He is not here."
Free is His Arm, mighty to save—
He let the light into the grave:
And some—from higher than yon tower—
May look again on wealth and power.

GOING TO CHURCH.

I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.—Psalm cxxii: 1.

ROM north and south, from east and west,
All decently, but plainly drest,
Not flaunting dross of worldly taste,
Their words but few, their manner chaste,
The people to their Temple haste.
Devoutly each now seeks a space
Whereon to kneel and ask for grace,
For grace aright his KING to greet,
And offer up a service meet
To touch the Ear and Heart of GOD,
The sceptre win, avert the rod.
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
The warm, the prudent and the cold,
The widow, bride, the celibate,
And lowly born, and proud, and great,
(Each heart with its infirmity,

Its life to live and death to die,
And bringing all its burden there)
Together kneel in lowly prayer.
There are to whom the walls are dear,
E'en when no festival is near,
And neither hymn nor chanted psalm
Nor litany invades the calm;
For whether loud responses roll,
Or prays inaudibly one soul,
The thought is that our GOD is here!
He dries the lonely mourner's tear,
He heeds the honors done His Name;
It is our FATHER'S House the same:
From hence ascends not prayer alone,
But Voice of Blood of GOD'S Own Son.

ALTAR AND TABLE.

We have an Altar.—Hebrews xiii. 10.

VESTED in gold-embroidered white,
Fragrant, and tapers all alight,
Bearing o'er all bejewelled sign
Of Triune Love, the Love Divine;
Or plainer Table fitly spread,
Where children kneel for CHRIST their Bread;
The Altar is a Table too,
The Table is an Altar true;
The LAMB oblated—eaten there,
We feed where we have offered prayer.
Some would the SACRIFICE o'er-plead,
And some would only over-feed:
Devotion will with faith unite—
To offer—feast on—CHRIST—aright.

GOING TO HOLY ALTAR.—EASTER DAY.

The singers go before.—Psalm lxviii. 25.

THE bell has ceased, no breath has stirred,
Save from the vestry, faintly heard,
The choir responding thrice "Amen."
Expectant silence reigns. And then,
Like sound of distant waterfall,
Breaks, on the listening ear of all,
In Easter-music's glad refrain,
Telling it o'er and o'er again,
Till e'en the tombs must needs look gay,
That CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day!
'Tis ocean music on the shore,
A leeward shore, when enters, swift,
The Christian Standard borne before,
A white procession, like a drift
Of April snow that curled up high
Into the Chancel; and the eye
Discerning smoke of incense there,
Foretells a fragrance. 'Neath the rood,

And filing up the Chancel stair
In order soldierly and good,
But making reverence before
The Altar, where they will adore
So soon when CHRIST their HOST will shed
His Presence there, the choir has led,
The greatest last and first the least,
Followed by ministers and Priest.
With hearts which to their GOD aspire,
The clerks their steps, their stalls the choir,
Have taken, and kneel; and the priest
Pausing a moment first, has stepped
Up to the Altar, where was placed
The sacred Chalice of the Feast—
The sacred Chalice which is kept
So reverently veiled and graced
With gold embroidery. * *
* * * *

KYRIES AND COMMANDMENTS.

Think not that I came to destroy the Law.—St. Matt. v 17.

OMMAND and KYRIE: Yet of old
Our fathers did not here unfold—
Inopportune—this dreadful chart
Of violated law—and smart
The kneeling worshippers with fear
Of malediction! GOD thus near,
They sang the KYRIES: we with law
Would make our KYRIES fervent! awe
Inclarting midst this blaze of love!
For Faith with Innovation strove,
And lost and won, but gained—the world.
A zephyr came against the ROCK
Which felt not that, nor any shock:
But *us* the *tempest* might have hurled—
The *wanton hurricane*—to sea,
And sunk us in its short-lived glee.
Not so, His Holy Name be praised!
Did GOD ordain, but men upraised

Who faithfully conserved the cause
Of truth and faith and righteous laws,
And wrung, from chaos of the hour,
A cosmos not devoid of power.
And even when we kneel to sing
These KYRIES to the Triune KING,
And think of only Him Who died,
And all our lack of love supplied,
If, startled, we are forced to hear
The Law come thundering on our ear,
'Tis well if conscience whispers clear,
The fortified have naught to fear,
And clean confession, gone before,
Our minds and hearts to peace restore:
But if unshriven we have come,
That hope is shorn, our lips are dumb:
Nor must we fasten our own blame
On Mount that burns with livid flame,
Nor yet on Mother not too blind;
Perhaps more indulgence were less kind.
The Priest hath turned him to the west,
And with the Law hath done his best—
With each command hath given space
For KYRIE chanted back for grace

Of mercy, and for guidance right,
That Love may triumph over Might!

"I BELIEVE."

***One faith.*—Ephesians iv. 5.**

THE middle of the Altar now
The Priest hath taken, to avow
Our Faith in what we have received—
In all the Church not rent believed,
Ere yet, for honest parties two,
One council sage had ceased to do.
Such Faith each branch retaineth still,
Yet adds, alas! whate'er it will,
Scorns in the past alone to live,
And license takes it will not give.
Where angels whisper, or are dumb,
If tameless thoughts unbidden come,
Truth on their wings declines to roam,
And in thy conscience seeks its home,
Itself imparts, by God revealed,

Or is denied, by Him conceal'ed.
I hold that naught exists for naught—
Whence deep devotion then? and thought
Which claims eternity? And whence
The Church? her history? The sense
Is this—if we will not be blind—
That GOD hath spoken to mankind.
Religion is. 'Tis not denied
A want there was which it supplied.
But how? For if with falsehood, ill,
'T were best the want existed still.
Then who to man the truth denied?
Transmitted falsehood who supplied?
The Priest doth "I believe" intone,
And singeth on, but not alone:
For "I believe"...Can mortal tongue
The solace of the Creed—as sung
By choristers, with organ peal
That makes e'en flesh like spirit feel—
Describe unto the ear unblest
That ne'er the privilege possessed
To hear it thus? Oh! who could stand
Within the Christian-soldier band,
With *Credo* ringing in his ear,

And entertain a doubt or fear,
As if mortality *might* be
A boundless, deep, unfathomed sea,
Ingulfing, in its midnight breast,
Of all GOD'S works the noblest, best?
With priest and people well agreed,
Devotion flags not through the Creed.
By gesture and by tone avowed,
By head at name of JESUS bowed,
By genuflections meekly made
When wondrous "WAS MADE MAN" is said,
And due obeisance not denied
At "worshipped and glorified,"
And sacred sign on breast displayed
At "Resurrection of the dead,"
Faith signals that her Creed is sung
From willing heart by willing tongue.

ON PREACHING.

And how shall they hear, without a preacher.—Romans x. 14.

NOW invocation duly said,
And text announced, he preacheth well
Who relegateth to his head
The argument alone: the swell
Of feeling, and the fiery dart
Of eloquence, come from the heart.
He wearies not, nor speaks in vain,
Whose words are forcible and plain
And not too many. Folks will say,
"The sermon was too short to-day."
And yet, in fact, 'twas only good
For th' appetite, like wholesome food.
So when "And now unto the FATHER,"
Proclaims the peroration done,
Each rising listener would rather
The argument was but begun.

OFFERTORY AND OBLATION.

And in every place, incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a Pure Offering —Malachi i: 11.

IF next the Coffers of the KING
Are passed from hand to hand, and ring
With fitting tribute, 'tis instead
Of juicy Wine and wheaten Bread—
Oblation Pure—and to express
The people's greater willingness:
For what the SACRIFICE demands,
Is not enough for many hands
To offer. More each heart aspires
To give, than present need requires.
Besides, the offered SACRIFICE,
Supported Ministry implies,
And, that it reach to every door,
Some kind provision for the poor.
The gold, the silver, and the mite—
The little all that doth delight
The FATHER'S Heart, and which restore

He will, but with it vastly more—
Unto the Celebrant are brought,
Who humbly, by the rubric taught,
Presents them. So is Church possessed
Of what hath been accepted, blessed.
'Tis quick removed, and maketh way
For *the* Oblation of the day.

COMMEMORATION OF LIVING AND DEAD.

I exhort therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, be made for all men.—1 Timothy ii: 1.

ND here is Intercession done
For all the Church, that every one
Who doth the name of CHRIST confess
May Faith more value, and express
In oneness; and for royalty,
That it may aye a blessing be,
And that it plainly may be seen

To be so in our sovereign Queen;
For her whole council, and that they
Who rule may rule without dismay,
And still, throughout this vast domain,
Religion, virtue, firm maintain:
For our apostles, priests, that pure
They may in doctrine, life, endure,
And ne'er the Sacraments defer,
But rightly, duly minister:
For all the people of our GOD,
If prosperous, or 'neath the rod,
That sanctified or comforted,
They still may be Divinely led:
For those in sickness specially,
That timely they may succored be:
For those who now in JESUS sleep,
For whom GOD'S Holy Name we bless,
That He Who kept them us may keep,
And bring—with them—to happiness.
And if this prayer with frequent pause
The Priest hath offered, 'tis because
He hath meanwhile in secret plod
For many living and some dead.

EXHORTATION AND INVITATORY.

But let a man prove himself.—1 Cor. ii. 28.

THE Priest turns to us to express
The zeal of Church, her gentleness;
Her wifely zeal, that naught abhorred
Approach the Table of her LORD;
Her mother gentleness of heart
That cannot see the child depart:
"Ye that do truly, earnestly,
Repent you of your sins, and be
In bonds of love and charity,
Intend GOD's holy Law to heed,
And life thereto conformed to lead;
Draw near with faith, and be ye fed,
Refreshed and inly comforted;
And on your bended knees deplore
The wound though healed that still is sore."

SURSUM CORDA AND EASTER PREFACE.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.—Psalm xxiv, 7.

THE Priest doth now his hands upraise,
And bids us "Lift" our hearts in praise;
This quick response our lips afford,
"We lift them up unto the LORD."
He joins his hands in meek acknow
Of mercies which incessant flow:
"Let us" with "thanks" our God requite,
And we respond "'Tis meet and right."
"'Tis very meet," he saith, and brings
Enthusiasm as he sings
Of "right and" "bounden duty," ours,
Everywhere, with ransomed powers,
And always, to the LORD our King,
An offering of thanks to bring.
And mother Church hath here supplied
A Preface meet for Easter-tide,
Telling of Paschal LAMB once slain,

But gloriously raised again,
Who, by His Death, did death destroy,
And rose to bring us Easter joy.
"Therefore with Angels," then is sung,
Till "Sanctus" bursts from every tongue,
And people join with priest to laud
The glorious Name of Triune GOD:
And if devotion be so strong
That Benedictus doth prolong
The Sanctus, 'tis no grievous wrong,
Our mother's own forgotten song,
And music breathing, ere it die,
This strain of sweet expectancy.

PRAYER OF HUMBLE ACCESS.

Lord, I am not worthy—St. Matt. viii: 8.

THE Priest before the Altar kneeling,
Humble his prayer, humbler his feeling,
Placeth his hands to touch the Throne,
And pleadeth, in an undertone,
That it is not presumption brings
Him thus before the KING of Kings,
Without a righteousness to plead,
Or aught beside his people's need
And his who kneeleth, trembling, there,
To pray acceptance of their prayer;
But Majesty Divine is known
For mercies that will ne'er disown
A penitent. And almost dumb,
Because unworthy of a crumb
Beneath the Table of their LORD,
And yet presuming at His Board,
The kneeling suppliant doth crave

His people's pardon and his own,
That GOD, who once so freely gave
His First Begotten Only SON
To be a Sacrifice for sin,
Would let these penitents come in
And feast upon the Sacrifice,
That so His Body might entice
E'en theirs to purity, His Blood
Flow through them as a cleansing flood:
That they might dwell in Him alway,
And He in them for aye and aye.

COMMUNION.

The Cup of Blessing which we bless is It not a Communion of the Blood of Christ?—1 Cor. x, 16.

CAUTIOUS of every gesture, word and thought,
The Priest the functions of his office wrought,
Yet faith not him but JESU'S self discerned;
Beyond him visible to outward eye,

Our vision pierced, and could the CHRIST descry,
Aflame with love our hearts within us burned.
We meekly came who would be blest,
With hands ungloved crossed o'er our breast,
Our heads in homage forward bent,
And knelt to take the Sacrament;
The choir and clergy first; and then,
As having precedence, the men;
The women last: and each received
In hollowed palm the Bread believed
To be Divine: and in both hands
We took (the Cup such care demands)
The Chalice of that purple Flood
Which issued from the Side of GOD.
We thus received as from HIS Hand unseen
Who feeds our flocks with fields of living green;
The farmer toils the priest must pray,
The Bread He gives Who gives the day.
This is the CHRIST Who yearned to feed, of yore,
That multitude on Galilean shore.
He who compassionates e'en flesh that faints,
Will never spurn the souls of trusting saints,
Seeking Communion, in this Feast of Love,
With those on earth and all the host above.

No: on the Altar of the Cross, His Heart
Bleeds Himself as nourishment to impart,
Lest we should faint and—fainting by the way—
Not press to portals of Eternal Day.
Oh! Love transcending thought! the Holy Rood
With Blood Divine sustains its famished brood—
Water and Blood: howe'er they left His Side,
As forth they flow the Sacred Streams divide
For that a world's baptismal Font supplies,
And this . . . perennial Cup of Sacrifice.

Miscellaneous Verses.

EARLY ATTEMPTS.

SPRING.

IT was in the budding Spring, which had
not blushed,
Nor on her cheek, the time whereof I
write,
Assumed, as yet, those gaudy tints which rushed
So quickly up unto the pearly white.
The Winter had just fled. Its winds were hushed,
Or, loit'ring under Heaven's milder light
Which had supplanted now its wintry glare,
They bore the fragrant breath of flowers there.

The earth seemed burdened by its happiness,
The growing greenness of its full breast sighed;
The plants themselves seemed plaintive to excess,
And, unto ling'ring zephyrs, did confide
Whate'er such tender murm'ring might express,
Perchance the deep complainings of a bride
Whose mate had been untimely plucked from
thence,
In its fair growth, which was for her defence.

And living nature, how it joyed and sang,
And wantoned in the light and in the shade!
With warbling merriment the whole earth rang,
For, in their flight, etherial songsters staid,
And came to earth. From thence they upward sprang,
Of human footsteps cautiously afraid,
And peopled cottage roof and creaking vane.
Then flew. The world is part of their domain.

The gairish girl—herself within the bud,
So mystic, soft, and delicately pure,
Which had not blossomed yet, of womanhood—
At intervals was merry or demure;
For there was much she could not, much she could
Unravel of those beauties which allure
The gazer's eye who looks on Spring's fair pride
Of animals that play and streams that glide.

Such season 'twas as I have written here,
On such a day as I have tried to tell,
With such phenomena as, much I fear,
Howe'er my words upon the theme might dwell,
I am inadequate to make appear
Upon this paper nearly half so well

As, under Heaven's all-creative Hand,
They were displayed on ocean and on land.

Letitia, only in her sixteenth year,
Looked forth on hillside green and verdant vale,
And saw each beauteous work of GOD appear
In its unsullied birth—Why should she fail
To imbibe the passion of a smile and tear—
The passion which hath but an olden tale
Of grief and happiness—the passion love—
Which they most envy who the most reprove?

Within her maiden, soft and lonely breast,
An unawakened nature merely dreamed,
With eye-lids half up-lifted in unrest,
Which would have opened wholly had they deemed
The power theirs to make a mortal blest:
But on Letitia's heart no ray had gleamed
Of love's bewitching sun; 'twould almost yawn,
With its first strange presentiment of dawn.

And yet a stranger's eye had gazed on her,
Had drawn a transient lustre from her own.
His heart had felt unable to aver
The reason why it seemed quite alone,

Without a voice which could a moment stir
Its mopishness to life, since she had flown,
As 'twere, athwart his vision, leaving dark
The blinded gaze just touched by beauty's spark.

"Yes, we have only met that we may part,
As now forever, each to each unknown,
And to the end that one ill-fated heart
May have a fresh event whereof to groan.
Thou transient image! oh how fair thou art!
I would have spoken but that thou wast flown,
Forever flown, while yet each thought in me
Was mute for joy of having gazed on thee."

Montreal, May, 1857.

A CLEAR DAY IN SUMMER.

T God's command, the healthful air,
By lightnings purged, bestows on flowers
The spring-like freshness that they wear!
At God's command the earth is fair
And smiling through her summer hours!

The ocean ceaseth to be wrath;
And, muffled as the gates of Death,
In deep profundity of awe,
Scarce answers to the passing breath
Of wind. As when of old it saw
Itself upraised, to leave a path
Throughout its midst, with placid brow,
So looks the ocean unto GOD and worships now.

The voices of the earth and sea,
The many voices of the air,
In chorus all, for praise and prayer,
Ascend in blest monotony.

Alas! there is a silent lute
Which giveth not a thankful sound:
Alas! for only man is mute:
And he for whom the sea is bound
Unto the shore the wide world round;
For whom the light of day was given;
For whom the flowers deck the ground—
His lute, and only his, is riven,
And hath no song of gratitude to send to Heaven.

Halifax, August, 1858.

NIGHTS IN THE WOOD.

I.

IS night and, far from shelt'ring roof,
I lay me down on brush-made bed,
In groves through which no iron hoof,
Nor white man's form, till now, hath sped.

On yonder rock my Micmac guide
Sits gazing up into the sky:
"There warrior chiefs in bliss abide,
Inglorious here their children die."

Our blazing fire crackles yet,
The glitt'ring sparks ascend full high;
For three sworn friends and true are met,—
"Shot" and this Micmac guide and I.

The moon is shining on the lake,
And beasts are prowling through the wood,
The partridge hides in yonder brake—
And this is forest solitude.

II.

By the moon's yellow light, which fell
On the bleak barren where he stood
And listened for the distant yell
Of prowling beasts, the hunter viewed
A far extending lake: its mood
Was calm; and so supremely still,
That often he his gaze renewed;
But all was peaceful, save a rill
Close by that murmured down the hill.

That night he slept more sound than ye
Who never left your beds of down.
Nursed in the lap of Luxury,
Stalled in the fumy marts of town,
Ye envy not his poor renown
Who scorns your tinsel and your show:
The hunter on his bed lay down,
His bed of spruce and fir, and so
Slept sweetly where the wild weeds grow.

His sheets were not of linen white,
He needed not a minstrel's aid,
Nor yet to pore o'er reading light,

To chase away some spectral shade;
But in his brushy bed he staid,
Secure, by rock and shrub wrapt in;
And thus, all blithe and undismayed,
He soundly slept beneath the wing
Of Heaven. 'Twas his covering.

Wellington, 1855.

INDIAN DIRGE.

'ER rocky shelf, through sylvan shade,
The streamlet holds its crystal way;
And, bending fondly, bushes steep
Their lengthen'd locks therein: and glad
The skipping zephyr joins in play,
And urges onward to the deep.

Through all this wood of foliaged pine,
Our sires traced a course more free:
As swift as sweeping winds are wild,
Except their prey no bound'ry line,
They scoured plain and mountain high,
When Freedom blest her fondest child.

Their children naught pervades but gloom,
Unroll, O Earth! the lapse of years,
And let the past be past away:
Maliciously from yonder tomb
See ye how Cultivation sneers?
Our sire's blood enriched that clay.

Above us, Death's tyrannic hand,
Has long been brandish'd, full in view,
To strike us whence we deem our own,
And (aliens though in Fatherland)
Lo, e'en our still remaining few
Must soon be dwindled into none!
Wellington, 1855.

VOICE OF THE COMET.

Whilst the comet of 837 (which, according to De Sejour continued during 24 hours within a distance of 5,000,000 miles from the earth,) terrified Louis I., of France to that degree, that he busied himself in building churches and founding monastic establishments, in the hope of appeasing the evils threatened by its appearance. The Chinese astronomers made observations on the path of this cosmical body, whose tail extended over a space of 60°, appearing sometimes single and sometimes multiple.—*Humbolt's Cosmos, Vol. I., p. 84.*

WANDERER on high,
I flash the planets by,
I leave their occupants to guess my name
They know the heavens well—
Of me they cannot tell
Whither I journey on, or whence I came.

As I approach they fear;
As I recede they jeer
Each other's weakness; as if even they
Were innocent of awe,
Or knew the hidden law
Which guides a comet on its errant way.

Upon an orb called Earth,
Children of GOD, whose birth
Is in a mystical mortality,
Beheld me, as a bride,
Sit shining at the side
Of the resplendent Sun!—then what was I?

The harbinger of wrath,
I bore upon my path
Fulfilment to the prophecy of Fear!
E'en grey-haired Learning shook,
And, with an alter'd look,
Beheld me bringing retribution near.

I saw whole nations bowed
With apprehensions crowd
Into their graveyards, unto viewless Death!
I saw his tainted child—
Corruption—almost wild
Upon the kingdom of dethronèd Breath.

I saw the crownèd thing
Earth's people name a king,
In vulgar terror—raising unto GOD
Temple and sacrifice,

As though by such device
He might avert the just and angry rod.

The wise of ev'ry age,
The student and the sage,
Have written that I am a mystery:
They murmur of a "*star*
With fiery streaming hair,"
And of a "*flaming sword,*"—still what am I?

TO E. T. M.

On her being deprived of her hearing.

THE world is silenced, lips but fain to speak,
And smiles are meaningless; the blushing cheek,
What hath it heard, to heighten thus its glow?
'T is stillness reigns!—around—above—below.

Beside thee we are speaking, and thy name
Is not unmentioned, with thy gentle claim
On all which tenderness may well impart
To soothe thy painful weariness of heart.

Thou hearest not, although our words are plain
And spoken somewhat loudly, but in vain,
For thou art deaf awhile, and hast not heard,
Through all this pleasant Spring, one chirping bird.

But sorrow not; nor now too deeply yearn
For joys a time withheld, which will return—
Return—familiar voices and the notes
Thou lovest best, from Nature's myriad throats.

And thou shalt walk beneath the foliaged trees
Which thou wert wont to visit, and the breeze
Will sweep the self-same murm'ring harps on high,
And earth will gladden on thine ear and eye.

And sounds, from their long slumbers will awake
In softer music; memory will take
Within thy spirit with a fresh delight;
And day will dawn, dispelling thy sad night!

Montreal, 1857.

TO THE SAME.

On her Recovery.

NOW Heaven, for thy sake,
The silent spell doth break;
And strangely on thine almost startled ear,
Back comes the voice of love;
And melodies above
The choicest music thou wast wont to hear,
Float newly on each passing breeze,
Or through the waving branches issue from the trees.

With bliss thy heart is filled;
Each word therein instilled
Is sweeter than to others unto thee:
It is a second birth
To know that power's worth
Which was a captive once and now is free:
The bud of hope hath bloom'd so bright,
All redolent with recollection and delight.

We bless thy blushing cheek
And eyes, when they bespeak
With smiles the recognition of a word,
So pleasantly they tell,
So truthfully and well,
That all which we have spoken thou hast heard:
'Tis this which makes our spirits gay,
'Tis this which turns our doubt and darkness into day.

We should this morn upraise
A sacred song of praise
To Him Who, though the Angels waiting stand,
Hath not forgotten thee:
'Twere better deaf to be
Than cured, if still not grateful to the Hand
Which hath, with love and skill, prepared
The medicine of earnest prayer and faith's reward.

Montreal, 1858.

RESTORER OF THE ERRING.

RESTORER of the erring!
Light of the strayed!
Down on her knees. O JESU!
Comes a poor maid.

Sad is her history,
Soon is it told,
Warm was one heart to her
And the world cold.

No friend hath she now nearer,
LORD! than art Thou;
And if one once was dearer,
None is so now.

Oh! speak the word, LORD! only,
"Peace. Be forgiven,"
And bid her, when earth chides her,
Dare look to Heaven.

THE DESERTED.

A SLENDER form goes through the room,
Her steps uncertain; and her soul
Seems filled with an immortal gloom,
Beyond her mind's control.

'Tis but a year since she was sprightly;
Her feet scarce touched the russet floor,
As *once* she bounded forward lightly
And answered to the door.

Some say her heart was then cemented
Unto another's harder heart,
And that, when his its love repented,
Her own broke right apart.

"A foolish tale of childish love,"
I hear one half the world reply;
And all the sages will reprove
My story as a lie.

But come and walk beneath this sky,
  Beneath this interested moon,
And we will talk of reasons why
  Her heart gave way so soon.

When he bade her love him so
  Her willing love no more returned,
What prospects vanished! You must know
  That when she slowly burned

His letters, one by one, they still
  Contained the hopes that perished too:
She was the dupe of love, and will
  Be sad her short life through!

Her prospects went, and then belief
  In human principle was gone.
Perchance you think that her great grief
  Should have distrusted one,

And only one, and not the few
  Who are unlike him. Ah! her best,
Beloved, by his false conduct, threw
  Suspicion on the rest

Of human spirits. It is done,
Her confidence hath been reproved
Forevermore...yet was she one
Who could have fondly loved.

But words are useless. From her face
The rose of glowing red hath gone;
The lily white...hath ta'en its place...
Paler than marble stone!

Religion? Ah! you have it now:
I own her heart should not be broken,
And grief should vanish from her brow
Whose peace my GOD hath spoken.

For oh! His ev'ry word is kind—
When earthly friendships false have flown
In Him a woman's heart may find
Love changeless as her own!

Sydney, C.B., 1860.

THE SERVANT GIRL'S DREAM.

THOUGHT the mansion was my own
Wherein I am a servant now,
The rose from off my cheek was gone,
But then I had a lily brow.

Oh! all I wished was at command,
The world had nothing to deny,
With "ardent loves" on every hand,
A Queen of destinies was I.
All flattering epithets were given,
As "Star" and "Angel sent from Heaven."

My mind was educated, too,
That night of seeming blessedness,
And doubled pleasure, wild and new,
By perfect power to express.

I asked no more, I needed less,
The earth, I thought, was wondrous fair,

And yet my heart laid little stress
On all that bloomed and flourish'd there,
'Twas strange how happiness sat smiling
On faces lit with less beguiling.

For me, deep chiselled in my heart,
There was a room for sorrow mute,
Unswept by love's soft soothing art,
And by the minstrel's joyous lute.
I woke, I laughed with girlish glee,
And blessed my birth's humility.

For what to me were pomp and pride,
With servants waiting all around,
And what the flatterers at my side,
And what the blush of cultured ground.
While honest Peter neither cared
Nor saw nor, seeing, could have shared?

Ah, now I look in Peter's eyes,
And read affection's brightest tale,
And am a bird of Paradise!
Oh! what would giddy wealth avail,
Were he from his dear Susan parted,
And she both proud and broken-hearted?

Portland, Me., 1858.

GOD IN ART.

H, not yonder stars alone—
Radiant worlds that make Thy throne—
Not the dark, unfathomed sea,
Where Thy hidden treasures be;

Not this earth assigned its place,
Changeless, in the realms of space;
Not the impetus it feels,
And revolves, but never reels;
Not its mountains, forests, vines;
Not its coral; not its mines:
These—not only these—O LORD!
Tell the power of Thy Word.

But yon edifice so fair,
With its turrets in the air;
Who hath built it? who designed?
What unknown, but master mind,
Inside, outside, up and down,
Hath such skill and fancy shewn?

Him I know not; he may be
High or low, or bond or free:
But—whate'er his name or state—
Thou, O GOD! did'st him create.

MY HOME.

UNBOUNDED by the sea-washed crag,
My home, unbounded by the seas,
It is not where my nation's flag,
Defiant, floats upon the breeze;

It is not where my feet first strayed
Flowers and grass and trees among,
Where all my quondam playmates played,
When we *could play*, when *I* was young;

It is not where the hearth still stands,
The hearth we clustered round of old,
When these were only tiny hands,
And earth was fair and not so cold:

Where'er my spirit joys to be,
Where'er hearts, greeting, bid me come,
Where friendship groweth constantly,
Where'er my heart is—that is HOME.

Sydney, C. B., 1861.

DAYS ARE PASSING.

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psl. xc: 12.

AYS are passing rapidly,
Stealing weeks from you and me,
Stealing months that ne'er again
May requite us joy or pain,
Till we press a cold, damp bed,
Or till earth reveals its dead:
Then these years once more will be
Joy or pain to you and me.

Oh! to think how foolishly
Years of mercy we roll by!
Years for usefulness and love!

Years to fit us for above!
Years for which the SAVIOUR paid
More than e'en the Cross displayed
When His Blood distilled like dew,
More than men or angels knew!

Youth was never meant to spread
Clouds of terror o'er our head:
Youth is given to improve,
Youth is given us for love,
Love to God and love to man:
Let us know it—as we can—
Then these years once more will be
Ceaseless joys for you and me.

Cape Breton, 1861.

Later Miscellanies.

THE CHURCH UNTIL NOW.

There is one Body and one Spirit.—Eph. iv: 4.

THE Church of God, in former years,
CHRIST'S solitary witness stood,
By Her He wiped the mourner's tears,
Through Her applied His Cleansing Blood.

His Holy Word, 'twas Hers to read,
And still the treasure safe to hold;
'Twas Hers His sheep and lambs to feed,
And bring them young into the fold.

His chosen here, His Spouse on earth,
For Him alone She lived and spake,
And Christians knew Her sacred worth,
And loved Her for their Master's sake.

No warring sects Her voice withstood,
No trusted friend concealed the sword,
The foes of CHRIST alone were rude,
A loved His bride who loved their LORD.

And still she lived, and lived for Him,
  And pleaded promise made to Her,
Nor grew Her faithful witness dim,
  As time effaced the years that were.

Still, still She labored, struggled, bled,
  And firmly held Her ancient post;
Till now each man his brother led
  To swell the armies of the lost.

Each human whim a sect must form,
  Each sect its wondrous claim display—
The Church forgotten in the storm,
  Seemed like a thing of yesterday.

But CHRIST had suffered, so must She,
  And still in all His footsteps tread,
Her sorrow must Her glory be,
  She was baptizèd for the DEAD.

Not earth-bound are Her hopes and fears,
  They rest on things beyond—above—
She looks to Heaven, through Her tears,
  And learns in griefs that "GOD is love."

Of every carnal prospect cured,
She lays her griefs the Cross beside,
Content to know what CHRIST endured—
Betrayed—forsaken—and denied.

OH! THE CHURCH OF OUR SIRES.

The pillar and ground of the truth.—1 Tim. iii. 15.

H! the Church of our sires is the refuge for me,
And an ark for my soul on life's billowy sea;
Like a fragrance that floateth on summer's last breeze,
She reminds me of days that were better than these.

Though the tones of a stranger as pleasant may be,
Yet the priests of the Church are the pastors for me:

May their souls be as white as the surplice they wear,
And their hearts as devout as their voices in prayer!

Oh! the books of the Church! they are treasures to me;
And the prayers with the Bible so sweetly agrée,
That though pulpits should err, e'en as preachers may do,
Still the desk changes not and the Altar is true.

So the creed of the Church is the doctrine for me,
Her Sacraments valid as frequent and free:
And the GOD whom she worships on earth as above—
Is the GOD of my faith—of my hope—of my love.

THE TWO PARTIES.

I hear that divisions exist among you.—1 Cor. xi, 18.

TWO bands of workers find employ
Within the vineyard of the LORD;
Of those the cry: "Deface, destroy,"
Of these "Be ancient pomp restored."

And these, in comely vesture clad,
Their sarcedotal caste express,
While those, to veil their priesthood glad,
Would win the world with worldly dress.

The pulpit those, the Altar these,
Would deck with costly art and care,
To flatter man, or GOD appease,
And furthur eloquence or prayer.

While these intone and chant and sing,
And prostrate fall, to bless His Name
Who is at once their Offering,
Priest to their Altar, and its Flame:

Discordant voices those upraise,
Some mutt'ring low, some crying loud,
And read their prayers and read their praise,
And scarce a sinner's head is bowed.

For those the pew, the lock and key,
And church closed six days out of seven ;
For these the seats if plain all free,
And daily Offering to Heaven.

Yet these the few, by those the strong,
Reviled, defeated—but not won—
Must yield their vestment, symbol, song,
And suffer for the good they've done?

No—by the faith by which you live—
By hope that strengthens you to do,
And by the love that bids you give
Your lives to Him Who died for you—

Be still in works of love employed,
Be still with ev'ry virtue graced,
Rebuild what ignorance destroyed,
Adorn what prejudice defaced.

Maitland, N.S., 1867.

THE AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER.

"We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of Great Britain and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress."—See "First Report" of Ritual Commission: but be careful to read with it, "Minutes of Evidence and Appendices."

E'S aggrieved at the Church that it's pointed and plain,
At the Cross, that it's where he so wanted the vane;
At the Font, for the reason it's down by the door,
At the Altar, and Credence, and Alms for the poor.
He's aggrieved at the Priest for his cassock so long,
At the Choir for their looks, and their books and their song,
At the Worshippers bowing, and bending their knees,

At the Seats—that they're free for such people
as these.
He's aggrieved at the Bishop for leaning that
way,
At the Synod and all whether cleric or lay,
At the Eucharist AND at the vestments he saw;
Oh! provide *him* redress by a process at law!
1867.

READ THIS, FRIEND.

Who hath required this at your hand, to tread My courts?—Isaiah I., 12.

IT is rather uncouth—is it not, friend?—
That seldom you kneel in the church,
But stand during prayers there, or squat,
friend,
Then talk o'er the news in the porch.

It is kind of you truly, no doubt, friend,
Of hearing the prayers to be fond,
But really, 'twould seem more devout, friend,
To hold up your hands and respond.

For the Bible and Prayer Book, you know, friend,
Are better than common good books,
But, certes, 'twere easy to show, friend,
More sense of their worth by your looks.

The Church is the House of the LORD, friend,
Where CHRIST has His worshippers true,
And He, by the angels adored, friend,
Is the GOD so much slighted by you.

New London, P.E.I., 1863.

MATINS.

***Early will I seek Thee.*—Psalm lxiii, 1.**

THE morning is misty and mirk,
A pallor the sky overspreads,
The busy are off to their work,
The idle are still in their beds:
But up in the village a bell,
The church bell, is ringing away,
To busy and idle to tell

To church that the Priest goes to pray.
The people are forming their plans,

How each one may make himself rich,
From "hub" of the lady who fans,
To wash-woman's "man" in the ditch:
But some from this quarter and that,
And some from just over the way,
Subduing their voices in chat,
To church are repairing to pray.

The village gets noisier now,
The teamsters go plodding along,
The school-boys, that chase a poor cow,
And others that join in a song;
But still is the tongue of the bell,
And some are beginning the day
(That well it may terminate) well,
The few who to church went to pray.

The clouds from the sky have dispersed,
The day is as clear as can be,
The school-boys their task have rehearsed,
Are out for recess in full glee:

But bright as the sun shines on all,
(And happy and glad is the day)
Its kindliest rays seem to fall
On those who to church went to pray.

RHYMING LETTER TO THEOPHILUS.

Rev. T. S. Richey, Priest, Church of England, and brother of the author, was, at the time this piece was written, Rector of Kentville, N.S., and is now Rector of Eleanor's, P.E.I.

Fern Hill, Spry Harbor, Nova S.,
And August 4th or 5th, I guess.

EAR THEO':—That you wrote I got,
Was glad to hear, I tell you what!
But as for off to Kentville going,
The thing would now involve hard rowing,
And wind and tide so adverse seem,
It 'pears to me most like a dream.
To "close the folds a week or two,"
Is just the thing that would not do:
My sheep so sharp for pasture cry,
They scarce will drive the lamb-kill by,

But, once unshepherded, might stray,
Where wilder flocks would lead the way,
Of ev'ry poison'd shrub might eat,
And fondly think 'twas better meat.

So saith the priest; the farmer hear;
Nor deem the combination queer:
The farm and parish scarce allow
The sweat to dry from off my brow,
And yet, united, do not give
Me, clear of rue, whereon to live.
If I abroad my summer spend,
Though innocently, with a friend,
My hay, unhoused, unmade, unmown,
Must lay and rot where it hath grown,
My lowiug herd, the winter long,
Upbraid me with such selfish wrong,
And bairns unmusically sputter
A sad lament for milk and butter,
While I, bewailing summer then,
The "winter of my grief" would ken—
I beg decline your invitation,
Pray kindly take this explanation;
Nor think, in brotherly vexation,
That *I* have suffered no temptation.

But now for you, whose fluent speech
Brings easy competence in reach,
Whose flock on dainty pasture fed,
By stranger's crook disdains be led,
And, all your little absence through,
Will only bleat the more for you:
You surely might to Kentville say,
"Spare me a week or two, I pray?"
Provide umbrella lest it rain,
For Halifax take morning train,
Next day come down, through rain or shine,
With me, at six o'clock to dine—
Do this at once, your conscience ease,
And "bring the children" if you please.

An invitation seperate,
And not less urgent, as 'tis late,
But thus reserved to figure here,
As Dignity brings up the rear,
In plural oneness, WE extend
To her whose life with yours doth blend:
And you will clearly see 'tis fair
That she your summer trip should share.

And now, until we see each other,

I am, dear T'oph., your loving brother,

Not Matthew, to distinguish names,
But your old crony playmate,—

JAMES.

CHARITY AND CHARITY.

"*Charity never faileth.*"—1 Cor. xiii, 8.

THERE was peace in the parish, and very good will
To the pastor. I would that 'twere even so still.
The good were commended, the evil reproved,
The Church well attended, the sacraments loved.

What was needful to do, was with readiness done;
Our children, in Sunday-school, all were as one;
Contented were we with our dwelling and lot,
And gave more than pity to some who were not.

But in process of time came a youth to the place,
To mourn for our sad destitution of grace,
He preached without notes, wheresoever he could,
And, if asked to take money, he certainly would.

The people he visited, read with and prayed,
If permitted at all; condescendingly stayed,
If invited, and p'rhaps though not even that same—
Assuming the courtesy, rather than blame.

By few was his preaching attended, and this
He attributed always to something amiss
Which the pulpit intolerant taught to the pews;
As his neckband was broad, even so were his views.

On charity next he began to descant,
He argued, denounced, and implored, and did rant,
His hearers were hurt to be thought so unkind,
And the wound they'd inflicted resolved they would bind.

Their pastor alarmed now entreats them in vain,
From forsaking their Church, ere too late, to abstain—
The proof of his bigotry thus rendered clear,
They resolve any other *than him* they will hear.

And one who did hate him for reasons unknown,
E'en makes the new learning a cause of his own,
And rejoices to hear who had earned well the rod
His example approved by a preacher of GOD.

Alas for our pastor so left in the lurch!
He meets who should follow him going to Church,
The ways are so many and winding of late,
Most find it, but *he* has mistaken the gate.

Or, at least, that they think so, the perverts declare,
And name him in pity when shaping their prayer:
The student that thus did our parish divide,
Next takes a subscription—at school to reside.

When qualified quite all the tenets to preach,
To grip like a lobster, and hold like a leech,

To crawl, where 'tis needful, in long or short
grass,
And put on the preacher with aspect of brass;

Do you think he'll return to the few he decoyed,
And finish the priest he so sadly annoyed?
If his pocket should strongly invite him to roam,
Do you think that his charity 'll find him at
home?

O charity! more than angelical grace!
'Tis a reflex Divine that we see in thy face,
No suffering hardens or makes thee unkind,
Thy vision of goodness no envy can blind.

No self-exaltation difigures thy mien,
Not puffed up with pride is thy form to be seen,
The charge of unseemliness ne'er was preferred,
In self-abnegation alone hast thou erred.

Not quickly provoked, thou opinest no ill;
Yet iniquity cannot consort with thy will;
Thy joy is the truth, and that *that* may be pure,
Thou wilt bear like a martyr, believe, and endure.

Without thee, the tinkling-of-cymbal like sound
Of utterance, prophecy, faith, must be found
Unsubstantial, delusive and profitless quite,
Though sealed with an alms, or by death for the right.

The quick understanding of mysteries deep,
And of knowledge so hard to acquire and to keep,
If coupled with thee, will to credit redound,
But if wanting thy presence—it falls to the ground:

For prophecies, languages, learning will cease,
With faith, too, and hope, in fruition of peace;
But Charity, ever most excellent! thou—
In the Kingdom to come—shall be even as now!

HERRING FOR DINNER.

Desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.—St. Luke xvi, 21.

THIS herring ill supplies the place of loin;
Yet who can stretch the value of his coin?
I've ciphered half a sheet of foolscap o'er,
And fail to make debts less or assets more.

From task thus fruitless I resort to rhyme,
And will have measure while I crave for time,
My penury in pæons disappears,
Like gentle grief dissolved in gushing tears.

Utensils of a good, substantial meal—
Fair linen—pure silver—glittering steel—
The vision haunts me! while I sit to dine
From off a homely plate that is not mine.

And mine 'tis not: for naught to me belongs
Except some sermons, hymns and harmless songs,
From which the sheriff's eye averted, falls
On couch or chair or pictures on the walls.

Benignant law! said sheriff may not sell
The wife or child or bed—oh! that is well:
On homely fare the little folk may grow,
And purchase p'rhaps a parent's corpse from woe.

This body then—not able to discern
A dish or sheriff's face or grave or urn—
To run, nor e'en to stand—may yet procure
The plaintiff's due, with costs, or make it sure.

And yet for babe in fond maternal arms,
A mother blesses God! nor dreams of harms:
Only perplexed to hear her infant cry,
How should she deem it best that he should die?

Say was it greed—that when I walked alone,
At midnight, homeless, city streets where shone
With festive light the curtained window, I,
Not joying in that joy, passed musing by?

And that I thought how just one stone that graced

Some lofty edifice—one stone displaced,
And sold for what it cost—its price might save
A wounded spirit from dishonored grave?

A wounded spirit—but diverse from mine—
E'en now I shame me that I did repine:
The fish is good, supports a sturdy race—
And poverty with pæons no disgrace!

A PLEA FOR FISHERMEN IN CHURCH BUILDING.

The poor have the Gospel preached to them.—St. Matthew xi, 5.

THE Fisherman's toil is a wearisome toil,
And often 'tis dangerous too,
He planteth the labor—who reapeth the spoil?
O Water-street merchants! do you?

Then now when he asks for a Church to the God
Whom even ye rich folk adore,
Ye'll not be evasive—for that would be odd—
But help him because he is poor.

When coming to market with cargo of fish,
What comer more welcome than he?
His presence e'en more than an earl's you could wish—
To pass you, what crime it would be!

Election day comes pretty often just now,
Too oft for the morals I ween—
For fishermen *always* a zeal ye avow
Which soon ye will cause to be seen.

Oh yes! for their poverty maketh you rich,
Their labor hath given you ease,
And still there's a heavenly blessing with which
They will add to your joy if you please.

So forth with your offering cheerfully made,
Your offering helpful to man;
The fisherman's debt as you know should be paid—
We fear that your own overran.

O parent! and brother! and sister! and child!
This work is a work to your hand—
To build up a Church on the destitute wild,
The fisherman's margin of land.

CARE.

***Be careful for nothing.*—Phillipians iv. 6.**

CARE! the lines which thou canst trace
With thy sharp pencil, on man's face,
No gentler artist can erase—
Not even Love. Thou dost efface
Each fair lineament, and write,
Where hope was written on the bright,
Unfurrowed brow and tearless eye,
Thine own long, mournful history.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

I have learned by experience.—Genesis xxx, 27.

RE hard to learn, and come but slow,
But pay their way, and never go,
And, like the planets in the sky,
Shine on unto eternity.
Good seed, increasing evermore,
They grow into an endless store.
Then he who will be wise at last,
Achieves, through failures of the past,
And things which forced the frequent sigh,
His great and final victory.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

***Behold thou hast instructed many.*—Job iv : 3.**

ON roof and wall descends the rain,
And patters 'gainst my window pane,
Whence gazing, I survey a storm
Outpour its wrath on passing form
Of fisherman, or teamster bold,
Who quite concedes 'tis "wet and cold";
Yet here and there some youths I see
Whom freshets but inspire with glee:
But who is this of form more frail,
Her face as alabaster pale,
Who passes by, with steps so brisk
She seems just conscious of the risk
Not to herself? The boys who greet
Her reverently, yield the street
To her with proud smiles: oh! I see—
The school-mistress of Section E.

'Tis whispered that the School Trustees
Are deemed too difficult to please;

Assume that it is theirs to scan
Defects of teacher, maid or man;
Mistake for laxity of rule
Slight liberties allowed in school;
Yea, in their cold, official zeal,
Forget the gentle grace—to feel;
And (lest your manly lip should curl)
Misjudge the Mistress—not the girl!

If some there be to watch her walk,
And parrot-like prate o'er her talk—
Detective gossips who contrive
To reap the zest, who will may drive—
Their gen'rous efforts she can foil,
And thank—though not repay—their toil.
And sooth if such were half her woe,
Her peace might like a river flow.

Meanwhile her maps through moistened eyes
She sometimes views; or ciph'ring, sighs,
And far-off thoughts recalls to state
What figures next must rasp the slate.
She knows that merit must be placed
So that no dunce may feel disgraced;
That she must curb the youth too wild,

And not chastise a mother's child;
The stubborn boy from strife must win
To keep the peace without, within,
And if perchance he lack a brain,
That for his skull must somehow gain;
Must strictly govern, yet be kind;
Must ne'er forget her watch to wind—
That watch that—vary how they will—
All others must agree with still;
With Saturdays must pay the cost
Of precious time through sickness lost;
And when for home her bosom burns,
Go spend that day o'er dull "*returns*"!

But lo! the wind has changed; the rain
Has ceased; and nature smiles again;
The children greet their glad recess,
As nothing could their mirth express,
Like bound and shout; and she who stands
Upon the doorsill, claps her hands—
The victor's laurel: and her eyes
Flash me reproof for sympathies,
In fair exchange. It was in vain
I did attempt this pensive strain
Of mild condolence. She enjoys

The loyal love of all these boys,
With consciousness of doing good,
That *earns* a nation's gratitude
And more—a world's—although it may
Receive a far less noble pay.
For what should she exchange her bliss ?...
For what ?... in such a world as this ?

IN THE MILL.

For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. —Job xxxiii, 14.

ID ceaseless clatter of the mill,
How hard to hear a spoken word :
Wait till the pondrous wheels are still,
Then will the wished for VOICE be heard.

So I have listed, year by year,
Through hurry, skurry, toil and strife,
For accents that I might not hear
Amid the whirl of this world's life.

What if in nature I discern
  Bend sometime to me, as in love,
The ONE for Whom I inly yearn,
  And seem to see His lips to move—

Is there a time for thought or prayer?
  Or must the narrow plank be trod
Questioning hope in half despair...
  Waiting to speak a word...with GOD?

IN THE DRIFTS.

Thou hast made summer and winter.—Psalm lxxiv, 13.

WINTER morn of science dawns,
  And nature now is cold as fair,
O'er-spreads with snow our pleasant lawns,
  And freezes with her frosty air.

Survey the drifts! what tandem team
  Can pull our faith through piles like these?
Conjectures on conjectures seem
  To gather with each gusty breeze.

No magic wand can such disperse,
  Nor wingless foot assay to climb:
Adieu O dreams! Bring forth a hearse?
  Toll for a faith that had its time?

If that be not decreed above,
  Why, then, the best our men can do
For Oxford, Cambridge, faith and love,
  Is just to try and *shovel* through.

And when in spring time glory beams
  Adown the Sun of Righteousness,
This snow will melt to mildest streams
  Of thought—exhale—return and bless.

A NIGHT REVERY.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known.—1 Cor. xiii, 12.

NEAR noon of moonlit, starry night,
So chaste, so beautiful and bright,
The cloudless air so clear,
Though ghostly chill, that Heaven seems
To wôo us, from our daylight dreams,
To soar in spirit near—

My spirit doth my vision task
To penetrate the veil, unmask
The infinite, and see
Beyond the visible: I yearn
The truth, the only truth, to learn,
And gaze, O GOD! on Thee.

We have not known Thee. We survey
Thy works, the worlds and night and day,
And see that there is law:

But who elect of all mankind
Beheld Thee ever? knew Thy Mind?
Or named Thee but in awe?

For we ignore the mad profane,
Hell's bravos in a battle vain;
And others have adorned
Their own creation with *Thy* Name,
Which makes it not with Thee the same,
Thou 'rt praised if it be scorned.

A god evolved of human brain,
Might e'en be moulded o'er again,
Like one of wood or stone:
Oh how Thou wouldst disdain to be
What man to man hath pictured Thee!
But *Thou* art GOD alone.

Thou art not what we mortals deem,
Thou art not what we make Thee seem
To childhood's gentle quest,
Albeit flood, disease and fire,
An angel slaying son and sire,
Have manhood's heart distrest.

He who can look on night like this,
And doubt Thee, all the fault is his:
He feels himself unfit
To breathe amidst these works of Thine,
And doth, denouncing wrath Divine,
Himself in judgment sit;

And with *his* sentence Thee doth blame,
Forestalling Thine to be the same.
We know not that...may dread
Its being worse. When angels fell,
'Twas Thine ignited flames of Hell;
And all *our* race is dead—

Or dying—or to die...*But death*?
What more than life departs with breath?
And whither doth it wend?
Shall we who know not this forsooth,
Yet would, in an abiding youth,
Elude life's wintry end—

Shall we know all things? and decry
Thy just decree—that flesh must die?
E'en though a deeper woe
Than death should death succeed in some,

And mingling with "ye blessed, come,"
Will be "ye cursed go ?"

Nay—this is *our Gethsemane*,
To yield our nervousness to Thee,
Praying...Thy will be done,
Dissolve, reject, remould, restore,
And only save what doth adore,
To say "Thy will be done."

Thy thoughts Thy creatures may not scan,
To guage Thee with the guage of man :
But, as we near the brink,
That after toil we may have rest
And all in CHRIST at last be blest,
There are who dare to think.

And though we cannot know Thee here,
While groping mid Thy worlds in fear
By reason's borrowed ray,
We yet shall see Thee face to face
Amidst Thy glory and Thy grace,
When night will end in day.

Meanwhile, in yon pellucid sky,
No fleecy cloud is floating nigh,
That hath not banished been—
To-night the stars are the elect,
And every cloud Thou dost reject:
E'en one would mar the scene.

O KING OF NATIONS.

Should he deal with our sister as with a harlot?—Genesis xxxi. 31.

KING of Nations! GOD of battles!
The faithful look from earth to Thee—
O'er CHRIST'S baptized the war-cloud rattles,
And His are they who are not free.

Where Pachas rule—and Carnage spreads
Its deeds that falsehood dares not gloss—
There the malignant Crescent sheds
Its sickly ray on trampled Cross.

But worse than foemen's ruthless steel,
And worse than Christian maid's disgrace,
If Christian hearts should fail to feel,
And Britain for the nonce be base.

'Twould be no creditable work
To stand—herself 'neath Holy Rood—
And tamely yield the gory Turk
His spoil of chastity and blood.

From 'neath that tyrant's iron sore,
O CHRIST!—in Thee—'tis *sister's* shame—
In Thee—it is a *brother's* gore—
That invocates to us Thy Name.

And will they vainly pray who weep
"*Our* FATHER" we have thoughtless said?
Our "brother's keeper"—can we keep
Our brother's foeman in his stead?

The paling Crescent to revive,
Must Cross 'gainst Cross in menace move?
Or if—for Servians—Russians strive,
Need we the Russian sabre prove?

Nay—call us innocence to save,
And call us to redress a wrong,
And call us to sustain the brave!
And—for the right—we'll suffer wrong:

But call us not, O GOD! to stand
'Twixt liberty and the oppressed,
A hand within the Sultan's hand,
Our sword against a Christian's breast!

O KING-of Nations! GOD of Battles!
The faithful look from Earth to Thee—
O'er CHRIST'S baptized the war-cloud rattles;
And His are they who are not free.

SUSPENSE.

For at His Word the stormy wind ariseth: which lifteth up the waves.—Psalm cvii: 25.

BLEW those winds for good?
Blew they not for ill,
While this heart hath stood,
As it standeth, still?

Husband! children two!
If on land? or sea?
God! what can one do?
Only trust in Thee.

Widow now? or wife?
Who shall bring me word?
Is it death? Is it life?
Why have I not heard?

Days have grown to weeks,
Weeks to months have grown,
And the heart that seeks
Longeth for *its own*.

In suspense is hope,
And in hope a bliss:
But it will not cope
With such dread as this.

Fear embitters day,
Dreams will madden night,
Till to think or pray
Seemeth hardly right.

THE DYING DISCIPLE.

He that eateth this Bread shall live for ever.—St. John vi, 58.

ID him enter. 'Tis the Priest.
O my soul! be glad to-day,
Hail the welcome, sacred Feast,
Sweet provision for the way."

"Aged Disciple, thou art lying,
Lonely, on the couch of death,
Peace to thee! mind not replying...
Shorter, shorter comes his breath."

"Vile and lost thy Church first found me,
Found me in the paths of sin,
Christ's embraces threw around me,
Washed me, fed me, took me in."

"Rest thee."

Now the Pure Oblation
Riseth fragrant, to the skies,
Pleads for him the great salvation,
Ere the weary pilgrim dies.

"Take and eat." It is the Bread
GOD imparteth to His own.
"Drink this." 'Tis the Blood once shed,
Blood of His Eternal SON.

New London, P.E.I., 1863.

ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE HON. T. D. McGEE.

As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou.—2 Samuel iii, 34.

ARE there who die and none regret?
No wretch but claims affection's tear
For *Nero* eyes of love were wet!
And flowers graced the tyrant's bier!

E'en an assassin's blood outcries,
Nor vainly asks maternal woe:
Blest he not erst with joy the eyes
Which cannot tribute meet forego

To render now—when *he*—her child—
  Recalls the terror of a dream
Which broke *her childhood's sleep* with wild,
  Dismaying vision and a scream?

Alas! his blood must poorly pay
  The price of that so rashly shed;
Nor can it wash the guilt away...
  Oh! could his death restore the dead!

They blush who fondly weep for him,
  And weep the more that they must blush,
While plaintively the burial hymn
  Floats near to earth through direful hush.

We blush not who lament McGee,
  His death transformed to friends his foes—
His praise upriseth fragrantly:
  Fragrance by crushing;—thus the rose.

He sang. 'Tis not his song we praise,
  Others have sung perchance as well.
He spake....That night he did upraise
  A voice that bound, as by a spell,

The men who marked his eloquence,
And listened as to dying speech—
That night—when, dreamless of defence,
He fell within assassin's reach:

But 'tis not that. 'Tis not what he
As poet, orator, or was,
Or might have been, which claims so free
And earnest, ardent, loud applause.

The world would coldly smile and say
What class as poet, he had earned,
And keenly criticise the lay
Which once within *his* bosom burned.

But he had that which Genius hath,
The gift of waking sympathy,
And walked, not unobserved, a path
Tending to immortality.

Earnest his life was. Wrong or right,
With an indomitable will,
Whate'er he did, 'twas with his might
He did it, and with all his skill.

He thought for other men. For few
  Think for themselves. The end is won,
When, some to think and some to do,
  The work of life goes smoothly on.

And this we praise in him—He stood
  A statesman trusted, and forewarned
Of death for being true—his blood—
  His life—to spare he nobly scorned.

His *Church* laments him. Did he die,
  Then, humbly, too, as true and brave,
Seeking a glory in the sky,
  With Him Who died a world to save?

Requiescat in Pace! If those
  Who censured him would make amends,
And he is mourned for by his foes,
  Oh! who shall now console his friends?

Rear *Him* a monument? His own
  He hath already reared in fame:
A government—not slab of stone—
  Upriseth sacred to his name.

IN CASSOCK AND SURPLICE.

On the burial of the Very Rev. William Bullock, D.D., Dean of Halifax.

E doffed, for the cassock and gown,
The midshipman's jacket of blue,
And therefore the sailor was known
In much that the literate knew—
The earnestness healthy and strong,
The joyousness sanguine and bright,
The push to do battle 'gainst wrong,
The nerve in defence of the right.

In cassock and surplice he knelt,
In silence, heart-searching and prayer,
While, pausing a moment, there dwelt
A hand midst his clustering hair—
A hand which bestowed on his youth,
With blessing, and warning, and gift,
To herald the Gospel of Truth,
The banner of CHRIST to uplift.

Right firmly that banner he grasped—
Newfoundland beheld it upreared,
And witnessed how tightly he clasped
The ensign by duty endeared—
The sign of the Manhood adored
By bending of every knee—
The cross of the Master and LORD—
The flag of the holy and free.

Again at the Altar he knelt
In cassock and surplice and stole,
And oh! what an unction he felt
Imparted from GOD to his soul—
Imparted by laying of hands,
The hands of both Bishop and Priests—
Of sin to unloosen the bands,
And consecrate heavenly Feasts.

Right humbly the Chalice he grasped,
Ye marvel he knelt and adored?
Ye marvel he tenderly clasped
The cup of the Blood of his LORD?
And I at a feelingless heart!
At faithlessness, calumnies, jeers!
But *not* that e'en death did not part
The Priest from his Chalice of years.

The Church, which in age as in youth,
He wrought for and served with his best,
Repaid him with honors and TRUTH,
And maketh his pillow in rest—
In cassock and surplice and stole,
And clasping a Chalice *so* tight;
'Tis thus he hath answered the roll,
The roll of the Navy in White.

O sailor! and poet! and PRIEST!
O fervent and genial and true!
Of all thy survivors the least,
Hath paid hero this tribute to you—
Hath paid of the little he hath,
To liquidate much that he owed,
For light that hath gleamed on his path
From light that illumined thy road.

LINES TO A DEAR SON DECEASED.

Therefore are they before the throne of God.—Rev. vii, 15.

TO-DAY, my child, I knelt beside thy grave,
And asked why prayer had not availed to save.
No sign the grass, the mound, the stillness gave,
And when I spake *thou* madest no reply,
O Edward! Edward! wherefore didst thou die?

Time was when rather unto me seemed nigh
The king of terrors: thou wast brought to me:
I caught the brightness of thine infant eye,
And felt: Live on, and I survive in thee.
And yet I could not leave thee—e'en to die;
So love of thee brought health and courage back:
But now my solitary path I ply,
A passenger left weeping on the track,
And thou art gone before me....Wilt thou pray
O FATHER! bring *my* father home some day?

For thou again hast taught me not to fear,
I cannot shrink from death which thou didst bear,
Nor quite relinquish thee where now thou art,
O sweet persistent victor of my heart!
I watch for thee as in the gladsome day—
My son! I would give thanks for thee and pray;
But thou, I ween, hast little need of prayer
Who diedst too soon to know of sin or care—
My son! though with the worms beneath the sod—
My son! though with the angels and thy GOD!
I sing to thee, my child. Upon thy brow,
The fadeless crown of saints sits firmly now,
And all thy torture did not tend to bring
Thee nearer to thy kindred and thy KING.

I sing to thee, and stoop me not to fear
All others' disapproval, if thine ear,
Accustomed long to better strains than mine,
Detects 'tis love o'er-fills each faltering line.
I sing to thee, and dost thou not attend?
That thou can'st not, the Father's Love forefend.
I deem not death so dismal as that grave—
Let faith delude me—if it fails to save.

Pieces of a Devotional Character.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.—Psl. cxlv, 13.

FOR his father a child in bewilderment cried,
From some dream of distress as he sprang in his bed,
And the *door* for an instant impatiently eyed;
But he smiled when he turned to the *arm 'neath his head.*

O our Heavenly FATHER! how often we pray
From the deep of our woe to Thy Love in the skies,
To Thy Love than the stars as if further away—
And forget the Dear Hand that right under us lies!

THE FINGER OF GOD.

O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.—Jer. x, 23.

OVER hills that were rugged and steep,
Over precipice crevice and clod,
Where the pilgrim could only but weep
As he followed the Finger of God,

From a place that was wider than this,
In a trance that was painful and odd,
I am led towards some region of bliss,
May I hope? by the Finger of God.

But 'twas strange. I had started to stray
O'er a field of such velvety sod,
I should hardly have ventured this way:
But I know 'twas the Finger of God.

I had said—"It is good to be here,
And the journey is dreadful to plod."
But a Voice said—"There's little to fear,
If your guide be the Finger of God."

By a light that I scarcely could see,
O'er a path I most tremblingly trod,
I am come—and what beckon'd to me,
(May I trust?) was the Finger of GOD.

If it be that there's mercy in woe,
If it be that there's love with the rod,
If it be that it's wisest to go
Thro' great griefs to the Finger of GOD;

Be it so. I will kneel here and pray,
It is much if the feet be but shod,
For it may be, the brighter the way
The more distant the Finger of GOD.

WHEN BLINDED GUIDES.

My tongue shall sing of Thy Word.—*Psalm* cxix, 172.

HEN blinded guides mislead the blind,
And doubts distract the feeble mind;
When all within, without, is dark,
And strong men tremble for the Ark;
Instruct us, SPIRIT! Light Divine!
To seek the truth in Word of Thine.

Although, alas! that Word doth tell
How far from Thee Thy creature fell;
It tells us, too, of Him Who died,
It tells us of the Crucified:
Ah! aid us, SPIRIT! Light Divine!
Wisdom to learn from Word of Thine.

O Holy SPIRIT! now uplift
Our souls to praise Thee for Thy Gift;
And, where its meaning seems obscure,
Shine on the page and make it sure;
And teach us, SPIRIT! Light Divine!
The Love of CHRIST, by Word of Thine.
Amen.

P. E. Island, 1864.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me and bring me to Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.—Psa. xliii, 3.

THE Book of books, O LORD, is surely Thine,
Effulgent wisdom beams from ev'ry line,
And sacred doth each loving word appear:
O LORD! we pray Thee, teach us how to hear.

Each precept, Holy SPIRIT! Thy behest—
To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,
We do implore the light we feel we need:
GOD of the Bible! teach us when we read.

By hearing and by reading, inly stirred,
By patience and by comfort of Thy Word,
May we the bliss of endless life embrace,
And live Thine Own forever, LORD, by grace.
Amen.

P. E. Island, 1864.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There was no room for them in The inn.—St. John ii: 7.

OT to the Jewish festal hall,
Where wealth and pride the new-born greet,
Go thou to seek thy LORD, thy All,
And kiss the Holy GOD-BABE's Feet.

For though the first sweet lullaby
Be sung to placid brow and mild,
Yet, when for *Blood* the man shall cry,
Thou will not recognise the child.

Thus infant purity resigns
To youth's vain wish and manhood's crime;
And naught with fadeless glory shines,
Or bears, unhurt, the lapse of time.

Not to the crowded inn go thou,
For GOD it hath no room to spare,
(Such as it was the world is now)
Thou canst not find the GOD-BABE there.

But seek the humblest spot of all,
And not the inn with lights aglare—
A manger—not the festal hall—
The Mother and her BABE are there.

Maitland, N. S., 1868.

CRISTMAS HYMN.

Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people.—St. Luke ii, 10.

ING we now of GOD, from High,
Veiled in flesh, who comes to die,
Us to bring to Him more nigh.

Him the Prophets did foretell,
Him the Angel Gabriel,
Him Saint John, unborn, as well,

Alpha and Omega, He,
GOD th' Incarnate Deity,
Comes of Virgin born to be.

Sole Begotten, yet the Throne,
He, unflinching, though alone,
Leaves, for sinners to atone.

God of God, yet Man His Name,
Light of Light, He veils the flame;
Sinless still, He stoops to shame.

King of Angels, and of Kings,
Comes He not on Angel's wings,
And nor pomp nor glory brings.

Room for lowly Jesus, room,
Now in Virgin Mary's Womb,
Later still in Joseph's tomb.

He Who doth the world sustain,
Now a human breast will drain,
Know an Infant's bliss and pain.

Tiny Hands of Him Who wrought
Worlds and systems out of nought!
Will ye now be thus new-taught?

Child Divine! Thy lowly guise,
Let not man, redeemed, despise,
But, with Thee, to glory rise.

Wish we ne'er Thy brightness less,
HEALER! SUN of Righteousness!
Rising now the world to bless!
Maitland, 15th Dec., 1868.

CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psa. lxv: 12.

ALL fulfilled? or broken vow?
Quiet rests the old year, now,
Death upon its pulse and brow.

Under Eyes that watch o'er all,
Some did triumph, some did fall,
And each deed is past recall.

Some their race have just begun,
Some their course have nearly run,
Some do rest, their warfare done.

GOD our days doth still prolong,
Mother Church He maketh strong,
Till the right shall vanquish wrong.

Who of us shall pass away,
Ere another New Year's Day,
Oh! be GOD his staff and stay!

Still unwearied GOD above,
Looketh on the world in love,
Sendeth still His HOLY DOVE.

H. Trinity, Maitland.

FOR THE EPIPHANY.

And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in nowise least among the princes of Judah; For out of thee shall come forth a Governor Which shall be the Shepherd of my people Israel.—St. Matthew ii, 6.

BETHLEHEM now is a city more blessed
Far than the noblest of cities of earth,
There the pure Virgin her GOD-BABE caressed,
There to the Infant REDEEMER gave birth.

Ivory, purple nor gold, shine resplendent,
Decking His birth-place and cradle all o'er,
But from the East His Star, on the ascendent,
Leadeth three kings to His Feet to adore.

Sing now the angels and rest each bright pinion,
Groan now the powers of darkness and dearth
Own *His* the power and might and dominion,
KING of the Jews, and of Heaven and Earth!

Hast thou a star for the Magi, O FATHER?
We, on this day day do that mercy recall,
Guide to their BROTHER Thy children, O FATHER!
Guide us to Him and reveal Him to all.

Maitland, 1869.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

And there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented Him.—St. Luke xxiii, 27

HE temple's veil is rent in twain,
And darkness broods o'er earth and sky,
And saints step forth from death's domain,
And nature groans in agony.

From swollen eyes why fall those tears
  Which only love bereaved could shed?
And why those cheeks all chilled with fears?
  Those hearts whose holy hopes seem fled?

Saw'st thou the Man of sacred mien,
  Whom Jewish Rabbis doom'd to die?
The thorns His aching Temples screen!
  Heard'st thou the shout of "Crucify"?

The piece of wood with transverse beam,
  The nails, the cruel soldier's spear,
And all that opes the Blood's red stream,
  Assail GOD's chosen Sufferer there.

From swollen eyes those falling tears
  Of "love bereaved" for Him are shed,
For Him those cheeks are chilled with fears,
  As if each holy hope were fled.

The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
  And darkness broods o'er earth and sky,
And saints step forth from death's domain,
  And nature quakes in agony.

P. E. Island, 1864.

EASTER HYMN.

The Lord is risen indeed.—St. Luke xxiv, 34.

NOW we celebrate the rising
Of our SURETY from the tomb,
Let the joyful news surprising
Give us hope and heal our gloom—

Who but CHRIST hath crushed such powers,
Death and hell and sealed the grave ?
Vain the lesson that the flowers
Dying and reviving gave—

They *uprooted*
Had saluted
Earth with fragrance nevermore;
But not vainly
Men ungainly
Watched CHRIST'S sepulchre's dark door:
Watch and stone and seal defying,
CHRIST has soothed our fear of dying.

Tell it Christians! Shout it over
Every inch of trodden soil,
Brave disciples! Quick discover
Why ye hunger, thirst and toil:

Ever watching, ever praying,
In the morning, noon and night;
While diseases most dismaying
Trouble not your calm delight.

Ah, what sages
Said in ages
Now adown time's vista fled—
That the spirit
Might inherit
Life from which the clay had sped—
Was but *half* the truth we cherish,
Neither flesh nor soul shall perish.

And our INTERCESSOR! bending
O'er us from Thy Throne on high,
Whither Thou, from Earth ascending,
Wrapt in cloud, wast seen to fly:

Once our human hands assailed Thee,
Led Thee forth to Pilate's hall,
Thence to Calvary, and nailed Thee
To the Cross, in sight of all.

None did spare Thee,
Son of Mary,
Till Thy cup was full of woe:
Then a sentry
Guarded entry
To the place where Thou laidst low:
Only Faith dared then adore Thee,
Thee to deem the King of Glory!

P. E. Island, 1865.

FOR THE ASCENSION.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in.—Psalm

THE veil is past,
And now, at last,
Unborne from earth, lo! GOD the Son,
The KING of Kings,
On Angels' wings,
Returneth, Victor to His Throne.

No more to die,
He cleaves the sky,
And riseth through the veiling cloud,
And beareth high
Humanity
To reign eternally with GOD.

And if He wears
The mark of tears

And bleeding wounds that number FIVE.
Lo! vanquished Death
Lies low beneath,
And owns the CRUCIFIED alive.

The pomp and bliss
And might, are His,
Which once for us His Love resigned,
When Flesh of GOD
The wine-press trod
Of wrath Divine for lost mankind.

That Flesh is KING,
And seraphs sing
The New Way opened to the Throne,
While mute amaze
Fills men who gaze
Where late the vanish'd glory shone.

Open ye gates:
The concourse waits,
Their harps all tuned, impatiently,
Till now again
Returns to reign
Who left them erst—and then to die.

Now bow the knee,
Reverently,
  Of things in Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
While to man's FRIEND
Some hearts ascend—
  With Him forevermore to dwell.

SO CAME THY SPIRIT.

The Spirit breatheth where it listeth and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth.—St. John iii, 8.

O came Thy SPIRIT, VIRGIN Born!
  In gentle tremors over me,
As moves the breeze, at early morn,
  O'er rippling lake and placid sea.

As rolls the tide against the wind,
  Lashing the waters wild and high,
So madly rose my passions blind,
  And did Thy Ghostly strength defy.

The wind, though fair, may cease to blow,
  Thy SPIRIT, too, may cease to strive;
The tide will turn at last I know—
  Imperil'd soul! canst thou survive?

In vain to men the change of tide,
  When breathless rests the silent air;
Their ships the sullen ocean ride,
  And wait the storm in sad despair.

The tide, O GOD! at Thy command,
  Back by the way it came doth go,
Thou hold'st the winds in Thy Right Hand,
  Thou rulest all things here below.

So let the SUN of Righteousness,
  With healing brightness rise on me,
As nature's sun doth, rising bless
  Wanderers o'er a stormy sea.

Give Thou the wind; my Pilot be;
  And make the changeful tide be fair
The Haven, too, is all with Thee:
  SPIRIT Who gave...O hear...my prayer!

New London, P. E. Island, 1865.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God, the Almighty, which was and which is and which is to come. –Revelation ii: 8.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
GOD in Persons Three!
Hear the song Thy children
Ceaseless sing to Thee.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
Thine the regal crown;
Saints and angels humbly
Bowing prostrate down.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
TRINITY adorned!
Be Thou and Thou only
Worshipped and implored.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
Author of our days!
Thee, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY,
All Thy works do praise.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
UNITY Divine!
One in Thee, Thy children
Would be wholly Thine.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!
On Thy changeless brow
When may gaze Thy children?
Darkness hides Thee now.

Maitland, N.S., 1868.

THROUGH THIS LONG AND DARKSOME NIGHT.

Be Thou also my guide, and lead me for Thy Name sake.—Psalms xxxi: 4.

THROUGH this long and darksome night,
Thou Who dost Thy presence hide,
FATHER! wilt Thou guide aright
Us who trust no other guide?

JESU! by Thy rocky tomb
Riven, crumbled by Thy Might,
We, immersed in mist and gloom,
Trembling, supplicate for Light.

HOLY SPIRIT, Comforter!
Comfort us with this we need,
Wishing not from Thee to err,
Hand of Thine our hands to lead.

HOLY TRINITY of Light!
One sad soul Thou wouldst not spurn;
Shall Thy Church go through this night,
And for her no beacon burn?

One by one, and *all in* ONE,
Thou wilt bring us safe to Thee,
Until, doubts and trembling done,
Truth shines out eternally!

THE SEASONS LORD.

Thou hast made summer and winter.—Psalm lxxiv: 16.

THE seasons, LORD, Thy truth declare,
Thy loving kindness still reveal,
Prompting e'en prayerless souls to prayer,
Forcing e'en frozen hearts to feel.

Summer o'er-freighted by Thy love,
With blessings Thou hast freely given,
May well our worldly cares reprove
Dispersed as all her clouds are driven.

If solemn Autumn moans: "Alas!
Within the grave is Beauty laid:
She lived, grew, perished, like the grass,
And faded as the flowers fade;"

Yet Autumn tells Thy goodness, too,
Bringing from Thee a golden store,
And whisp'ring all the harvest through:
"Enough for here—and yonder more!"

Yea, though in Winter winds are cold,
And all our pleasant fields are bare,
Or even shroud-like snows enfold
What bloomed awhile and flourished fair;

Yet Spring from forests, gardens, fields,
Which wintry drifts swept lately o'er,
Looks up, and this sweet lesson yelds—
"The dead may rise and die no more."

BAPTISM.

Suffer little children to come.—St. Mark x: 14.

E bring him, loving LORD, to Thee,
(The world is bleak and cold)
And pray Thee let our treasure be
Received into Thy fold.

We claim him Thine, (since all are thine),
Yet folded not till now,
If Thou wilt let, O MAN DIVINE!
Thy sign adorn his brow.

And from this Font distinctly seen
Thy holy Altars gleam,
There are Thy pastures rich and green,
And here thy crystal stream.

Room mid the hov'ring angles, room—
The Holy Ghost descends—
And Font and Altar—life and tomb—
In one bright halo blends.

O FATHER of the Eternal SON!
In mercy heed our prayers,
And let the ranks of Heaven own
These MARKS our infant bears.

CHILD'S HYMN.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Isaiah xl: ii.

THE lambs of CHRIST our LORD
We little children are—
The loving Shepherd He
Who brought us from afar.

He took us in His Arm,
  He clasped us to His Breast,
He shields us from all harm,
  And watches while we rest.

He marked us for His Own,
  He placed us in His fold,
And means that we shall be
  His sheep when we grow old.

He knows us every one,
  His gentle Voice we know,
And wheresoe'er He leads
  His little lambs will go.

And therefore are we glad
  That CHRIST our Shepherd is,
And will be ever ours,
  And we for aye be His.

TREASON.

***Make me a clean heart.*—Psalm li: 10.**

NO more to bliss my heart aspires,
Black are the embers of its fires:
Who would rekindle quenched desires?

Extinguished all save one with tears,
It through the ashes reappears,
A holy wish mid guilty fears.

Some foreign fuel unconsumed,
Yet all consuming, it entombed
Bursts forth like flower winter-bloomed.

It asks this heart to be replaced,
This burnt-out heart all sin defaced—
By one with high ambitions graced.

If such high treason lurk within
Veteran holds of tyrant Sin—
Sure LOVE alone at last may win.

PRAYERS AT NIGHT.

With my soul have I desired Thee in the night:—Isaiah xxvi: 9.

IT is night; the day is done, its deeds
Are now on record. My heart bleeds
To have forgotten GOD all day—
How shall I kneel me down to pray?

How clasp the hands that have been idle?
How pray with tongue I did not bridle?
False through the day—how now be true?
Each broken promise how renew?

The tempter whispers "Go to bed,
And let GOD read the things unsaid,
Unutterable; so He'll say:
'Poor soul too penitent to pray.'"

But my angelic guardian blest,
Objects that it is always best
That faith and penitence, if meant,
Shall be by deeds made evident.

What then? Oh! on my bended knees
I'll go to GOD; and if He please
To give me words of prayer, I'll pray;
Or otherwise, I'll kneel—till day.

LATE REPENTANCE.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom.—St. Luke xxiii: 42.

HEN I have for the last time laughed,
And my full cup hath all been quaffed
E'en to the bitter dregs; when sorrow
Scowls on the present—from the morrow,
Whence she, enthroned, doth tyranize
On fearful hearts and tearful eyes,
As mine must be; 'tis late, I know,
To bid my soul to Thee outflow...
To turn to Thee, O GOD! and sever
World-ties that to Thy kindness never
Have slackened yet...and say "I fear;
LORD in distress I wish Thee near."

Yet tis the fate of those who fall,
That what is past they can't recall,
Live o'er again the vanished years,
Or, weeping, wash them out with tears;
The things that have been—ever are;
The wound, if healed, still leaves a scar
To be its witness: therefore all
Either are penitent; else call
Thy justice in question, and brave
The doom from which man cannot save:
Belated tears I offer—mine—
Are mingled, LORD! with Blood of Thine!

RETURNING.

I will heal their backsliding.—*Hosea* xiv: 4.

OD, O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!
Angels bear a message to Thy throne,
Theirs is bliss who thus attend Thee most,
Ours the distance and the anguished groan.

We are souls whom Thou didst send to earth,
Here to serve Thee in this far-off place,
Sons and daughters by the second birth,
Signed—to claim from Thee Paternal grace.

But our sins have taken deadly hold,
We, thy children, feeble captives are,
All our love for Thee is growing cold,
And we pine not for our home afar.

We have fallen from our high estate,
Chanced e'en missing of the Angels' song,
Followed after sin, and named it fate,
And have praised the right and done the wrong.

But the world was all a tempting snare,
And its boasted joys were tinselled baits,
Better far had been Thy house of prayer,
Truer bright its burnished chancel gates.

Oh! that each had walked his path *alone*,
None to follow where we blindly led;
Who can for his brother's blood atone?
Who resuscitate the vanquished dead?

Yet Thy mercy calls us. At that call,
  Groping through the darkness, LORD, we come,
Fettered, till thou bidst our fetters fall,
  Speechless, too, if guilt can make us dumb.

Turning now from what we fondly sought,
  Grieving that it e'er hath yielded joy,
Spurning all that sin so dearly bought,
  What we builded seeking to destroy;

It is only thus we dare to strive,
  All too late, our wanderings to retrace,
Plead with Thee the CRUCIFIED *alive*—
  Pledge Thine Own to us of pardoning grace.

RESIGNATION.

***What I shall choose, I wot not.*—Philipians i: 22.**

O live (*and die*) I would prepare,
  If long ordeal Thy Love might spare;
  Or would prepare to die (*and live*)
If more than life Thy love might give.

Those wounds of Thine that made me sad,
Those FIVE—the same have made me glad:
In them I saw sin's dread annoy,
Through them have seen grief turn to joy.

My will is strong—to yield to Thine,
And living—dying—not repine,
E'en though Thy Voice should clearly say:
"Be with me where I am to.day."

WE GIVE THEE, LORD, OF THINE.

And of Thine Own have we given Thee.—1 Chron. xxix, 14.

OD, Whom we owe all love and praise,
And Whose the grace each gift displays;
We can reflect but borrowed rays—
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Our treasure not on earth to lay,
Whence we, or it, must pass away—
But where Thou makest endless day;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

If what we would from others claim,
We yield—and yearn to yield—the same
And more, in Thy most holy Name;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

If loving Thee we call Thee, LORD,
And Thou art from our hearts adored—
Not worshipped with an empty word;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

If we not only would adore,
But all we've wronged Thee of restore,
And—if we had it—four-fold more,
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

As conquered by thy Love, yet free,
Or as Thy tended vineyard tree,
Or as Thy flock all fed by Thee,
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Our fleshly gifts but fill the place
Of fruits of spiritual grace;
Thus back to Thee we still must trace,
And give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

For them who minister for Thee,
Our offerings are glad and free;
Partakers at Thy Board they be:
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Our thoughts to Thee are all disclosed,
Thou knowest if our hearts be closed,
Or if, as by Thy aid disposed,
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Too much have we Thy SPIRIT grieved,
Too often been by Love reprieved,
Thou art not now to be deceived,
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Short is the time for good or ill,
Delay would make it shorter still;
Impart—and then accept—the will
And give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

A priceless boon Contentment is
And wealth and pride alike may miss;
In act of love we seek the bliss,
And give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Oh! in Thy hunger Thee to feed—
Thee suff'ring—satisfy *Thy* need—
This—*this*—we know—is life indeed,
To give *Thee*, LORD, of Thine.

For Thou wilt not our hope reprove,
Nor from Thy Book our names remove,
Although in trembling faith and love,
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

But stewardship of Thy Own supplies,
E'en to accept as sacrifice,
Is pleasant in Thy Holy Eyes;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

And whoso having worldy good,
Foregoes a brother's gratitude,
Thou lovest not the loveless mood;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Whose bowels o'er a brother yearn,
His deep distress *Thou* wilt not spurn,
Nor from his quest unheeding turn;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Thou knowest all; and when the poor
Hath tithed for Thee his little store,
E'en wealth can scarcely give Thee more:
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Who doth the lowly poor befriend,
Whate'er he gives, to Thee doth lend;
We only lose what else we spend;
We give Thee, LORD, of Thine.

Thy blessing as the noonday bright,
Can turn earth's darkness into light,
And will, ere long, his deed requite
Who gives Thee, LORD, of Thine.

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

At eventime it shall be light.—Zech. xiv, 7.

LIGHT on the pearly dew of morn,
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn
Whose home, at eve, seems far away:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines,
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

The things that bloom, bloom but to fade,
And beauty stayeth not decay,
The light that on the morning played,
Surviveth not the close of day:
Light on the pearly dew of morn
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn.
Whose home, at eve, seems far away.

The grace that sways departing breath,
Nor lets the fainting spirit fall,
But gilds with hope the bed of death,
Must sure be supernatural:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines,
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

At eventide this Light shall dawn,
To show the Christian Pilgrim's way,
And when the day of life is gone,
Will make for him eternal day:
Light on the pearly dew of morn,
Light on the brilliant face of day,
Is not the Light of hearts forlorn
Whose home, at eve, seems far away.

Then let repentance chasten joy,
And living faith enlighten pain,
Aud hope the present world employ
To bring the nobler future gain:
There is a Light that ne'er declines,
A Sun that never will go down,
A Radiancy that kindly shines
Beneath the fiercest tempest's frown.

ON THE SAME.

READ Thy Word, O LORD,
"At evening-time it shall be light,"
And lo! an angel stood
All clad in garb of spotless white.

He pointed to the page,
'Twas in a time of want and dearth,
The text seemed changed, and read—
"Rain shall refresh the famished earth."

A widow knelt in prayer
To Him who doth the ravens feed,
The text was changed again—
"There shall be help in time of need."

An orphan next I saw;
And while I pitied his distress,
The text stood large and clear—
"The FATHER of the fatherless."

There was no ill on earth
  For which that text no promise gave
Of either strength to bear,
  Or an Almighty Arm to save;

And this because, O LORD,
  Thy promise is of LIGHT AT EVE:
It might be written thus—
  "What most thou need'st thou shalt receive."

ON THE SAME.

THE golden light, the golden light,
  Upriseth o'er the eastern hills,
Repels the sombre shades of night.
And earth with its own beauty fills:
  Yet far from here declines the day,
    And other lands are growing dim,
  And, while we early matins say,
    Elsewhere they chant an evening hymn.

There comes a dawn, there comes a dawn,
But not, O golden light! from thee,
When nature's darkness will be gone,
And one unbroken day shall be:
That day will close but not in night,
'Twill close in more divine display:
"At evening-time it shall be light,"
And day but merge in BRIGHTER DAY!

EVENSONG.

Ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord.—Psalms xxvi: 2.

O, it is no longer day,
Falls o'er all the veil of night;
Hither we have come to pray,
Here is rest, and here is light:
When descends the final gloom,
JESU, Thou the grave illume.

Darkness cannot hide Thee, LORD!
In Thy Presence nights are days;
And within Thy courts are stored
Vesper prayer and vesper praise:
When the nights are dread and drear,
JESU, be Thou kindly near.

SON of Mary! 'tis at eve,
While Thy Mother's song is sung,
Hearts responding yearn for leave
Discontinued to our tongue:
When through death we pierce the veil,
JESU, we would Mary hail.

Angels hover where we sing,
They will watch our beds to night;
And the matin hour will bring
Praise to Thee, to us delight:
When from dust of death we rise,
JESU, grant us glad surprise.

EVENING HYMN.

The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.—Leviticus vi, 13.

IT is the vesper hour of praise,
And Thou art with us, O our GOD!
Dost hear us now our voices raise
Thy Name to magnify and laud.

Oh! we are vile; but JESUS! Thou
Art merciful and pure and high:
To Thee our knees and hearts we bow,
And in Thy House we deem Thee nigh.

Receive us, LORD; forgive our wrong;
Thy grace impart, and us restore;
Accept to-night our even-song,
And teach us rightly to adore:

Thee to adore, Whom angels bless,
Whom GOD through Virgin-Mother gave,
Thee in Thy Manhood's loveliness,
Thee in Thy GODHEAD'S might to save.

For those in peril, sickness, need,
We meekly on Thy Mercy call,
Praying that saints may intercede—
And Thou propitiate—FOR ALL.

LORD OF ALL.

Jesus Christ (*He is Lord of All.*)—Acts x : 36.

LORD of All! we worship Thee!
Thine let all things ever be,
Earth and sky and rolling sea,—
Thine this House of Prayer.

LORD of All! the sound, to-day,
Heard both here and far away,
Witnesseth what Prophets say,—
Thine the Written Word.

LORD of All! the SACRIFICE,
Offered once, doth still suffice
To atone for guilt and vice,—
Thine the Altar is.

LORD of All! the Priest who stands,
Careful, with uplifted hands,
Glad, fulfilleth Thy commands,—
Thine the Presbyter.

LORD of All! he dare not plead,
For our guilt and woe and need,
Aught, as pure, not Thine indeed,—
Thine the Sacrifice.

LORD of All! on bended knee,
This we humbly pray of Thee,
Thee to know and Thine to be,—
Thine the worshippers.

LORD of All! we worship Thee!
Thine let all things ever be,
Earth and sky and rolling sea,—
Thine who dwell therein.

Maitland, 1868.

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